## NOTORIOUS RIVER THIEVES.

Mobe that were Handy with Entite and Plotot, "It's a mistake to suppose, as many do, that piracy exists only in romances. There are pirates in this city to-day; and I venture to say that there are pirates in every coast city or town where shipping interests are large. se pirates are not so picturesque as those of romance. They don't sail in a fast rakish. looking vessel, nor bear down upon their prey with skull and cross-bones flying; but, withal, they are as hardened and desperate a lot of pirates as those who once sailed the seas. They are the criminals whom the public call river thieves."

The speaker was Inspector Thomas Byrnes chief of the detective force of this city. He was sitting at his desk in his commodious room at Police Headquarters, the walls of which were decorated with large pictures in black and white of "One of the Finest," "Taking a Bogue's Picture," "His First Offence," and other police subjects. The Inspector glanced over some of the records of the department and proceeded: "They are not picturesque pirates, to judge from the specimens New York has produced, for their ranks are recruited from the worst toughs of the city. They find companionship only among themselves, for the refined thieves shun them. We rank them the most desperate characters. They will take any chance, and have no healtancy in killing any one who discovers them at their work. Nearly every 'mob' of river pirates that

will take any chance, and have no hoestancy in killing any one who discovers them at their work. Noarly every 'mob' of river pirates that has infeated the harbor and rivers of this city has scored several murders committed during its depredations."

"Do they operate in gangs?" asked the reporter with whom the Inspector was taking.

"Yes—or, to be technical, in mobs. The nature of their work makes it impossible for them to operate otherwise. They go about in this manner: During the day members of the mob prowl around the docks and among the shipping, and locate property which they think can be stolen during the ensuing night. You see, it would be impossible for them to work quickly and successfully if they had to look for something to steal after they started out at night. If they see a promising-looking vessel riding at anchor, they got in with the sailors who come ashore and find out who's going to be aboard her at night—whether she's watched, or only the Captain stays aboard."

"Then their depredations are at night?"

"All under cover of darkners. At night—and it may be a wild, stormy night—they put off from one of the wharves in a small boat and pull with muffiel oars to the wharf on which they have located some bale of goods or other article, or to the ship whose Captain they intend to rob. They row quickly and quietly, and usually get alongside the wharf or which they have located some bale of goods or other article, or to the ship whose Captain they intend to rob. They row quickly and quietly, and usually get alongside the wharf or which they have located some bale of goods or other article, or to the ship whose Captain they intend to rob. They row quickly and quietly, and usually get alongside the wharf or wessel without being heard. They gide along a silently as water rats. If the tide is low their work is more difficult, for they have more olambering to do. Even under most favorable circumstances their work is difficult, for they have one of the propersy which have a down of the propersy of the propers

son was sent to State prison for life. Thus the first notorious mob of New York rivor thieves was broken up.

"The leaders of the next mob of notoricty were Patsy Conroy, Larry Griffin, and one Kneyals. They thieved along the rivers successfully a while, beginning about 1850, and then thought they would try higher game. So they began breaking into bonded warehouses. This proved too hazardous, and was shandoned by the mob for their first pursuit, river thieving. They went seet free until 1855, and then only one of them. Patsy Courcy, went to prison. The mob one night in that year boarded a sloop off Biker's Island. The mate, who was alone on the sloop, was below. Heaving the movements of the thleves on deck, he started to go up the companionway. When half way up one of the mob, who was standing above, snot him through the head killing him. Some of the jewelry which had belonged to the mate was found by the police in the possession of a woman named Dolly Poor, who was the mistress of one of the mob. All its members had vanished excepting Conroy. He was arrested by the police of the Thirteenth precinct and taken to Brooklyn. A question of jurisdiction arose, and the prisoner was bailed pending argument and decisions. Soon afterward he was rearrested. 

A WESTCHESTER CHICKEN PARM.

The Peaceful Industry of a Retired Minister on Mistorie Ground, near Chappaqua. On the extension of the old Hardscrabble road, three miles north of Chappaqua, in Westchester county, is the chicken farm of the Rev. J. H. Vandyke. a retired Presbyterian clergyman. He has given his chief attention to poultry raising for the New York market for four years, and has at last got the business on a systematic and paying basis. Mr. Vandyke's son cheerfully showed THE SUN reporter over

off from the rest, which answers the purpose of a hospital or infirmary for the confinemen and relief of sick or disabled fowls. Only half

a dozen fowls were on the sick list, chiefly with sore eyes, at the time of the reporter's visit, which spoke rather well for the general

health of the feathered population of about one thousand. Though tightly put together

the great hen house is still not so warm in

winter as the proprietor desires, and hole con-

"That is according to the season of the year. In the months of February, March, and April, young chickens, averaging from one and a half to two pounds weight, bring as high as seventy-five cents, and sometimes even a dollar a pound. After the middle of April, when the supply lagrants and the

In the months of February, March, and Aprili young chickens, averaging from one and a half to two pounds weight, bring as high as seventy-flue cents, and sometimes even a dollar a pound. After the middle of April, when the supply a greater and the average weight demanded is somewhat larger, the prices decline to lift; forty, or thirty cents, according to the supply a greater and the average weight demanded is somewhat larger, the prices decline to lift; forty, or thirty cents, according to the state of the market. We never sell any chickens for less than twenty cents a pound, and often obtain the top prices. In raising so many chickens constant care and attention are required. When I started in the business, four years ago, I did not dream that there was so much to learn about the care and habits of fowls, and with all my experience I am learning somothing new with regard to them every day. After you get fairly started, with your flocks proporly housed and otherwise accommodated, the chief expense is the feed. We feed corn, wheat, mashes, and an unstitled supply of groen food. Hay xoes a long way in making up for the lack of the latter during the winter, and it would surprise you to see how much of it the fowls will eat. Then we also feed apples, botatoes, and other vgetables chopped up fine; and the expense of feeding with meat is alone a heavy item. Fowls should anyways have a regular daily ration of animal food in order to lay well, and this becomes still more imperative in the cold weather. "Another thing is to be careful in choosing the best hens and cocks for breeding purposes, and this can only be done by a close study of the individual characteristics of the fowls. Thus some strains of Piymouth Rocks produce cocks and hens of the same shade, togother with some black hens, The latter, I think, the best strain, though I prefer the lighter colored cocks. Otherwise, that is with dark cocks, or occks and hens of the same shade, togother with some black hens, The latter is a little the same shade, the progeny

The Latest Thing to Bogus Butter,

"The latest novelty in the manufacture of bogus butter," sald Assistant Commissioner Yan Valkenburg, yesisrday, "is the use of gelatine. The makers of eleomargarine first began with clean berf fat, then used common dirty fat, and have now come down to pook gresse. This is not, however, cheap enough, and they have been extending it with cotton-seed oil, seasoned, and other substances. Hardness is given by steading. They have just struct upon gelatine, which is med't of the hoofs of meat cattle and horses. Of stead it costs as much as the other things, but it possesses an unequalied power to absorb water. One pound will take up ten pounds of water, which costs nothing, and two or three pounds of gelatine to the kag reduces the appears of making the whole mixture to live or six costs a pound."

The latest novelty in the manufacture of

ing part of Pudgeen's remarks conveyed bloody significance. "Stuck twicet, is he? Bad cess to th' man as the premises. Directly back of the dwelling house is the poultry yard, a wired inclosure of an acre and

stuck him." said she, starting for the gate and calling to her son Mickey to follow. Mike Finn is a loafer on the coal wharves at Rondout. Thousands of tons of coal are brought down the Delaware and Hudson Canal half. In the centre of this and built against the side of a small hill is the poultry house. It is a stanchly framed building, 100 feet long by every summer, and piled up in great pyramids on the wharves. It is the avocation of Mike Finn and his follow loafers to shovel the coal about 30 in width, with southerly facing windows running the entire length. These afford ample sunshine and ventilation. The interior presents the broad space directly under the into huge iron buckets let down into the canal boats, whence, by the aid of a revolving shaft windows and reaching back two-thirds of the way across the building, which is allotted to the roosts and nests, and where the older fowls are confined during inclement which runs the whole length of the wharves. the buckets of coal are transferred to the pyramids. All through burning July and August these Titans delve among the coal, three of weather. This large area has the bare ground for a floor, and is enclosed above and apart them often emptying a boat load of 130 tons in less than four hours. It will easily be seen that the name of loafer is a misnomer.

Mike's gang had been fortunate, and the from a long, slightly raised passage or gallery at the rear by a light but substantial twine labor of emptying four boats on three successive days had put \$15 into his pockets. He notting. Passing along this gallery an attendant can look into the nests for eggs by merely lifting lids covering the back parts of them. At one end of the space enclosed by the corded

had stopped at Patsey Coogan's saloon on his way home as the afternoon shadows began to freshment, when Coogan asked him to take a hand in a game of penuckle. That there are subtleties in penuckie which appeal more natwas made apparent to Mike through the kind offices of his friend Coogan, who said: "It's little meself knows about th' game, only that it's played wid two backs o' cairds, an'

MIRE FINN PLAYS PENUCKER.

Subsequently Mrs. Finn Has a Sorry Time and the Kids are Ranged,

playin' penuckie. He was stuck twicet whin I kem away." said Pudgeen Riley to Mrs. Finn, as she sat in the back doorway sewing. Mrs.

Finn jumped up from her chair in alarm. She

had never heard of penuckle, and the conclud-

Your man is down be Coogan's saloon

that it's played wid two backs o' cairds, an' ye'll be three hours playin' a game, an', mind ye, it's not like forty-five, bekase th' tin spot's wan o' the high cairds. Whin ye liave a thousand med you're out; but if ye get out lastye have to pay fur th' beer."

After Patsey's diagnosis the game began, but Mike soon discovered that Pat had not mentioned several essential details in his recapituation, and the unwonted montal effort required to estimate the relative value of the cards made him feel left handed. He also found that penuckie was a very dry game. He aucceeded so well in his effort to relieve the aridity that in a short time he held the penuckie card; in fact, he held the whole pack, and was standing upon the table singing this song: winter as the proprietor desires, and he is considering the advisability of supplying it with artificial warmth, in order to keep the heas laying through the cold weather with greater regularity than heretofore.

The hillside of the yard directly in front of the hean house is worn wholly bare of verdure by the overrunning of the lowis, but the rest of the ground enclosed is thickly grown with shrubs, bushes, and hardy herbage in sufficient quantity to supply the fowls with green forage during warm weather; hay, apples, petatoes, and stored garden truck supplying its place during the winter months.

The main yard contains a somewhat smaller one, used as a brooding ground, and also for the soparation of the younger from the laying fowls. Mr. Vandyke has thus far confined himself to the raising of only one breed of fowls, the Plymouth Rock. The smaller yard contained 600 young chickens in every stage of growth, from two woeks to four months old. Irregularly scattered over the ground were the small barred pens containing the mothers of the brooding chicks, with here and there feeding boxes or racks for the special benefit of the small barred pens containing the mothers of the brooding chicks, with here and there feeding boxes or racks for the special benefit of the small barred pens containing the mothers of the occupant, and confining her strictly to her own nest.

Mr. Vaudyke has thus far made little use of artificial incubators and still ballayes.

The Yankes may play at draw poker,
An' back up his bind wid his fast;
The Englishman, surjy old orosker,
May chate at his favorite whist;
The German may awar by pomoukle,
As long as a German's alive;
But ye'll give to the son of ould Erin
That illigant game, forty-five.

oach other, and oach connected with a small covered runway containing food and water for the occupant, and confining her strictly to her own nest.

Mr. Yandyke has thus far made little use of artificial incubators, and still believes in the natural course of production, which is for the old speckied hen to hatch her own eggs (or some other hen's) and care for her own little ones. An artificial incubator, whose capacity is 100 eggs, costs, for instance, \$35. Even supposing the machine to hatch every egg, then, after the chicks are latched out they have no mother, and require much attention from some person. To hatch the same number of eggs in the natural way would take the time of eight hens, worth \$4, and they will mother them till they need he mothers, after which the hens will lay another dozen eggs apiece, and after that they are worth \$5 in the market.

"Still," said Mr. Vandyke's son to the reporter, "we shall probably give the self-regulating hatching machines an exhaustive trial before long. Those that are not self-regulating hatching machines an exhaustive trial before long. Those that are not self-regulating re not worth experimenting with, since they require the attention of some one at all bours of the day and night to study the thermometer and keep the temperature uniform. We have thus far raised nothing but Plymouth Rock stock. Together with the light Brahmas, they are the best table fowls, are good layers and sitters, hardy and thrifty, and of a good slize, and for all practical purposes run more evenly and profitably than any other breed to my knowledge. We shall probably extend the establishment of our farm, and perhaps do something in the raising of fancy strains, but I think we shall adhere to the Plymouth Rock as our staple stock. Last year we killed and sold 2,300 young fowls. But that was before we confined them to a limited range, and when we permitted them to run all over the farm. The consequence was that we lost about as many as we sold by the depredations of hawks, weasels, skunks, fox

Just as Mike finished the last line he looked up and saw his wile standing in the doorway. Her fine eyes bluxed and her lip curied. Mike wilted like a cabbage leaf in the sun. Her fine eyes bluxed and her lip curied. Mike wilted like a cabbage leaf in the sun. Share ye have no mid yer song. Mr. Finn. Proceeds are lined wid dollar blils, so they are. These gintlemen are waitin't 'hear ye. ye have sich a purity v'ice—lift's blowin' wind thru yer troat ye'd call singin'. Ye have nice, sociable times here be yerseives, don't yez, gintlemen? Ye have nice worked the here ye'd ye'd call singin'. Ye have nice, sociable times here be yerseives, don't yez, gintlemen? Ye have no wives nor babbles at home, av coorse not; yez, are all widdyers. But ye'li go home wid me, Mr. Finn, for fear ye might be lonely goin' home later in the avenin'.

Mrs. Finn grubbed Michael by the ear, after instructing blickey to 'git him bet he ear, after instructing blickey to 'git him bet he ear, after instructing blickey to 'git him bet he and son. Mike made little involuntary excursions to and fro across the track, which was due probably to the fact that he had rheumatism in his knees. At last he sat down between the rails. Fumbling in his pocket, he drew forth a number of earls, with the hinenino of giving his wife a lesson in benuckle, when a freight train thundered around a curve.

Diyo see It ca-ars comin? "escreatically and the same and t

Whin these two buried kids was here on barren Cooney

Island,
They wur atin' grass, an' kickin' at th' flies;
But now, whin they're gone thru the river Jordan,
They're aitin' clover blossoms in the fleids o' Paradise

More Cock Pigating Long Ago than New.

From the Saturday Review.

Cock fighting was fashionable in Greece at least 500 years before Christ, and it was probably a very ancient sport in China, where it is still highly popular. In India, again, cock fightleest 500 years before Christ, and it was probably a very succent sport in China, where it is still highly popular. In India, again, cock fighting is an institution of very great antiquity. Mr. Doyle, in his book on poultry, assumes that the Britons practiced cock lighting before the landing of Cassar, from the statement of that author to the effect that the Britons only reared their fowls for amusement. Both Henry VIII. and James I, were fond of "cocking," Oliver Cromwell legislated against it, but Charles II. revived it. The Royal Cockpit at Westminster, which was the headquarters of cock fighting, was established by Henry VIII. and even in the present century mains have been fought in it. Newmarket has been the scene of numberless cock fights. Indeed, it may be said that for a long time cock fighting went hand-inhand with racing, and it used to be reported in the official racing calendar.

Taking up the Sporting Calendar.

Taking up the Sporting Calendar of 1775, we read that in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, during the race meeting, the gentlemen of Durham and Northumberland fought a "main of cocks," consisting of thirty-eight battles, and ending in "a drawn main." It is said that 1,000 game cocks have been killed in fights during one week at Newcastle. The gentlemen of the same counties fought another main at the Durham races of the same year, when Northumberland won after thirty-four battles had been fought. Although the matches were sometimes made between individuals, it was more usual for the mains at races to be fought between cocks belonging to the gentlemen of the same of two adjoining counties. Tenguineas each battle, and 100 or 200 on the "odd," seem to have been the usual stakes; but there was an immense amount of betting, and the odds were calculated to a great nicety. Hoyle gives a table of odds which is quite appalling. Mr. Doyle mentons a cock fight in India for "a lac of rupees" (£10,000), but it is probable that more money has been lost and won over cock fighting in England than in any other country.

Curiosities of Nature.

A lemon weighing 4 pounds and 13 ounces was recently picked at Panasoffkee, Piz. On recently cleared land in Kansas red clover was grown this season that was 7 feet high, and white clover 5 feet 6 inches high. a Hoistein calf belonging to E. W. Alberty of Pitta-burgh, Kan., has grown 100 pounds in the last month, which is 53 ounces per day, or over 2 ounces per hour. UNCLE 'BIJAR'S HARVEST HOME.

How it Disappointed the Gueste, and Gave Agriculture in Pike County a Set Back. "They've never had any harvest homes back in Pike county like they used to have." said the Sheriff, "since the one old Uncle Bijah Crane gave, a few years ago. Uncle 'Bijah was one of the big landowners of Burnt Chest-nut Ridge, and, having cut and housed three acres of ree that season, he sent out word that he would give a grand harvest home dance, from supper time till breakfast next morning. Everybody in reach of the call was on hand on the occasion. The fiddle struck up at 8 o'clock, after the supper table had been cleared off, and the women folks had all turned in and helped to wash and wipe the dishes. Although the festivities ran through the night, and were rounded off with boughten beef and real coffee with store sugar in it for breakfast, an unmistakable sense of disappointment pervaded the assemblage, There was a feeling among the old-timers that the ancient glory of the Pike county backwoods had departed. The lamentable fact was apparent that the young bloods of the ridges and hollows were degenerate sons of rough-and-tumble sires. For instance, one two-gallon jug was still untapped when breakfast was ready. Then four of the boys-and every one of their fathers had been forty-eight-hour stayers-had been laid away in the barn long before daylight. And, to cap it all, Grip Mosler and Shorty Plum had been a bitter disappoint-ment to the party. Grip and Shorty had been

below daylith. And to say it his charm below. The bear below to the pattry. Or hand Shorty had been at the out for a year, owing to aparel over at the out for a year, owing to aparel over at the out for a year, owing to aparel over at the out for a year, owing to aparel over a year, and the out of the hear bear than the pattry of the hear than the pattry

Tve tried to run this harvest hum on the straight squeejee, from A to izzard, but its ben knocked clean in the head 'cause th' hain't no grit in the county no more. When folks gits to actin' ez mean ez Grip an Shorty has to me, what's the use o' any one raisin' rye an' givin' harvest hums'. Mebbe the rest o' ye kin fall back on the fiddler an' the apple juice an' hev some fun yit, but I can't, 'cause th' hain't no grit in Pike county no more, an' agricultur's ben set back twenty year!

"So even the wind-up with boughten beef and store suxar and coffee failed to redeem Uncle 'Bijah's harvest home, and, although Grip Mosior was pounded all over the barroom at the Corners by a young snip of a school teacher not long afterward, and Shorty Plum ran up against a tramp peddier and got the worst licking that anybody ever had in the Ridge district, agricultural interests did not revive, and Uncle 'Bijah's harvest home was the last one."

COFFINS FOR EVERYBODY. Some of the Details of a Necessary but Lugu-

The upper stories of the tall, double building at 333 Rowery are crowded with coffins placed in long racks which run from end to end of the lofts. The coffins are of all sizes, from the one foot nine inch coffin for the bady up to the six foot four inch coffin for the tall man. The widest ready-made coffins are twenty-two inches. For a larger person a special coffin would have to be made. The manufacturer, Mr. Langdon said that they were obliged to make a special comin on two occasions—once for Barnum's fat woman and at another time

for a very large negress.

The coffins in the racks are in all stages of finish, some are unpolished, and others have no cloth. For some years past the black cloth no cloth. For some years past the black cloth covered cofflish shave been most generally used. The frame is made of hardwood, and is covered with black broadlooth, which is sometimes combined with black broadlooth with the sometimes combined with black broadlooth with the sometimes combined with black broadlooth with the solid silver or solid silver. On Geo. Grant's sometimes the handlos are of solid silver, but this is the only instance of such a plot do that it is easy to substitute inferior wood and poor cloth. And because advantage has been taken of the fact they are failing into disfavor. The coffin new most generally called for is of polished mabogany or other kind. The far pore expensive than the back toy boxes, and sell for is each weak and the process of the part of the was priced at \$450. It was covered with white broadcloth and hung with silk stassis. The interior was linded with pleated blue of the bottom and at the head a trease is shid an the bottom and at the head a trease is shid an the bottom and at the head a small pillow. The use of shrouds "axid Ma." It is a sometime to the process of the part of the business is protty near the process of the part of the business is protty near the process of the part of the business is protty near the process of the part of the business is protty near the process of the part of the business is protty near the process of the part of the business is protty near the process of the part of the business is protty near the process of the part of the business is protty near the part of the business is protty near the process of the part of the business is protty near the part of the business is protty near the par covered coffins have been most generally used. The frame is made of hardwood, and is cov-

AN INDIA SHAWL. The Curtostty of a Philadelphia Lady Stim-

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 15.—A well-known society lady of Philadelphia spent three weeks recently at the leading hotel at Cape May. Her husband is a prominent Philadelphian. While at the Cape May hotel the wife formed a casual acquaintance with a woman of refined manner and of an exceedingly respectable appearance.

Cards were exchanged. "Mrs. George Frederick Pitnam" was the name given by the stranger. She said that her husband was an Englishman, very highly connected, and that he was absent in the West, looking after a large cattle ranch in Colorado. She had been born in America, but had married young, and had america, but had married young, and had since lived in England nearly all the time. Her society was cultivated by the ladies at the hotel, who said that they were charmed by her Euglish manners. One afternoon Mrs. Pitnam, in a desultory conversation, speke of her mother-in-law, Lady Pitnam of Hants, and said that Lady Pitnam was about to send her a beautiful India shawl that had been in the family for several generations. It had belonged to the Begum of Gwallior, or Rabmapootra, and had been "looted" by a grand uncle who had served the East Indian Company with great valor and favor. The curiosity of the Philadelphia lady was stimulated, and she ex-pressed a burning desire to see the rare old shawl. Time passed on, and she returned to her home in this city.

ulated by a Refined English Woman.

plained, politely. "You will see that it is properly certified. The least we could appraise the shawl at was \$2,000. The duty is \$0 per cent. or \$500." "Yes, that is all right. I was told there would be customs charges, but I did not expect the appraisement to be so high." Mrs. Pitnam repilled. "Dont you think I had better go to the Custom House myself? Perhaps I can get the amount reduced."

"As you please, madam." was the quiet rejoinder. "But a reappaisement will put that shawl at something like its real value, say at least \$3,000. Then you would have to pay even more duty. But act your own pleasure," and, while the owner of the shawl and replaced it in the box. Then he deliberately tied it up. He was making the last knot when Mrs. Pitnam produced a cheek-book and said: "Very well. I will take it now. You will accept my check on the Penn National Bank?"

"We are forbidden to do so, madam. I regret to say. Technically, all duties must be paid in gold: but, as there is no premium on gold now. I always receive current money, which I can readily exchange for coin at any one of several banks where I am known."

The Philadelphia lady had received that very morning \$650 in advance rents for the quarter ending well. I can go to the bank for the money until I can go to the bank for the money until I can go to the bank for the money until I can go to the bank for the money until I can go to the bank for the money nation of the properties of the money returning \$650 in advance rents for the quarter ending Sect. I. If was only the work of an instant for her to proffer the roll of bills in her pocket to her radied friend. Mrs. Pitnam accepted them with girlish glee, and counted the money, returning the \$50 change. The office she said: "Walk on two parts ghat to my bank. You carry the shaw, because you have an interest in it now."

The Philadelphia lady had received the time, and said to her companion: "Come, let's go straight to my bank. You carry the shaw, because you have an interest in it now."

They Philadelphia lady

WOMEN IN SULKIES. Madamo Leighton and Belle Eaton Drive

New Bedford, Sept. 17.—Two women wearing jaunty jockey caps and driving suits

and held their wobegone faces up to the clouds as they peered through the rain, which was coming down as though it meant to drench everybody before they could find shelter. They were not happy, and they could not look so. "This is no shower; we're in for a rain," was the first comment Mme. Leighton made on the outlook after she had scanned it some minutes. "It's too bad, Frank, but I am afraid you won't get a chance to show them to-day how fast we can go." and she looked admiringly at her bay golding which she sits behind in Mariboro's streets. Frank turned one eye at his mistress and kept on gnawing away at the post in the corner. Belle Eaton of Fall River waited down in the doorway of her stable and punctuated her remarks by slapping her dress with her whip. "Who can make any kind of time to-day? If it stops raining at all the track'll be terribly heavy. But we'll have it out, though, unless it keeps on pouring, mud

tion to her brown gelding Sedley.

It was evident that both women were anxious to settle the disputed question between their horses, which were matched to trot best

shot under the wire Mine. Leighton looked sauchy over her shoulder at her follower.

"That little green one rides like a vetaran," was an admiring gentleman's opinion. Hardly had they begun the second half when Frank went into the air, and bogan a running race. Sedley trotted to the backstretch, but broke then, and up to the three-quarters they had it on the jump. Mme. Leighton could not bring her horse to his feet until the last quarter, when he struck his gait and went into the stretch fistly flying. He did not skip again, but trotted home six longths ahead of Sedley, who was gesting the whip and running.

"Who got that heat?" shouled the madam. "Say, I ain't trotting against any running horse, came from the other.

"Say, I ain't trotting against any running horse, came from the other.

"Sou, I ain't trotting against any running horse, came from the other.

"You are decision to stables and we will give you decision to stables and was surprised at the good driving of both.

After lockey Arends in a sulky had beaten Beile Eaton, driving a read wagon, the latter came on for her second heat with the fair rival for turf honors. Frank kept the same graceful and machine-like gait as before, while Sedley made his feet fly so fast that he jumped in shead before the bend, and both sulkies ploughed through the nend at the lower end almost together. Belle Eaton was sending her horse for all he was worth, and she was just in front of Frank's head and going into the back, stretch when Mme. Leighton suddenly recled forward. She had been sitting perfectly straight until this point. There were several common to get the straight until this point. There were several common to get the straight until this point. There were several common to get the straight until this point. There were several common to get the straight of a mile away, and tending to her horse. She had been sitting perfectly straight until this point. There were several common to the straight, and the edge of the track, sat down on the bank and watched her horse

A teacher in a West Virginia freedman's school was giving out some original examples to the class in mathematics, and among them was this:
"If a colored man receives \$1 for one day's

"If a colored man receives \$1 for one days work, how many dollars will he receive for aix days work?"

One of the boys seemed very stupid over it, and the teacher finally said:

"Moses, how many are six times one?"

"What, does he work all the week?" queried the boy.

the boy.
"Of course."
"Oh! Why, I was figgerin' dat a circus or a
barbeoue might come 'leng' on Saturday!"

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY

"Off with the saddle and shoot him !" It was a cavalry scout of a score of men returning to camp after a rough ride of a hundred miles. Ten miles away a trooper's horse had fallen lame. Voice and spur had urged him on, but at last he could go no further. He

stood in the stables at Everyreen Park, three miles out of New Bedford, early this afternoon, must be abandoned. Aye, to prevent profit to the enemy be must be shot. "Poor Jim !" whispered the rider as he dis-

mounted.

That horse had carried him a thousand miles. They had gone hungry together, they had shared the dangers of half a dozen battles. they had stood picket in company, they were 'pards."
"Jim, old boy, I'd rather lose an arm!" ex-

claimed the trooper, as he loosened the saddle. The suffering horse, relieved of his burdens, turned his head to his master and uttered his gratitude in a low whinny.
"I've get to do it, old boy!" continued the trooper, as he drew his revolver and held it in

trooper, as no drew his revolver and hold I in his right hand, while he patted the neck of his old "pard" with the left. "If they had asked me to take a bullet in the leg—if a good, square sabre cut from a Johnny would save your life, I'd bend my bare head and take it." The last of the troop had passed on. Night

I'd bend my bare head and take it."

The last of the troop had passed on. Night was shutting down, and guerrillas lurked in every bend of the road.

"Jim, old pard, it's orders, you know," said the trooper as he stripped off the bridle. "Look down the road, now, while I send a bullet into your head. It's assessination—it's foul murder—but it's orders, Good-by, Jim, and may the Lord forgive me!"

The horse fell like a log at the report of the pistol, and without daring to look back at his victim the trooper snatched up the accourrements and hurrled on after his companions. He was hardly out of sight when the horse struggled up. What had happened? He shock his head, wheeled about in a circle, and blew a note of alarm from his bleeding nostrils.

He was shandened! He was in the enemy's country! Who had done this by a faithful servant? By and by memory divinely returned. He had fallen lame—his rider had dismounted—he remembered of hearing kind words and feeling a hand caress his neck. What then? He had been shot down! Some hidden guerrilla must have fired the shot. His rider—his old "pard"—would not have sought his death.

With oyes affame with fear and pain—with a limb almost useless—with auch torture racking his head that he could not repress his groans—the faithful horse scarched the roadside for his master; if dead, he would die with him! The search was vain.

And he had been abandoned! He had been over this road several times. He remembered every bridge and hill and turn. It was miles to the Union lines, but he would drug himself to the pickets before death came. With slow and paintul steps—with the darkness rendering his road more gloomy—with a foreboding that the hand which had fed him so long had given him his death wound at last, the poor beast dragged himself along, and the night wore on.

"Hait! Who comes there?"

It was the challenge of a picket. His quick are had detected the sound of feet on the high-way.

are had detected the sound of feet on the highway.

Here at last! This was the goal the beast
had striven for. He stood stock still as the
challenge rached his ear, but only for a momont. Then, summoning his last remaining
ilfe, he rushed down the hill and full at the
picket.

"Hait! Hait! Turn out the guard!"
It was too late to stop the riderless, limping
horse outside the lines, but as he passed within
them half a dozen cartines blazed forth in the
darkness, and he fell forward and died without
a groan. They understood that it was an abandoned horse, which had dragged himself into
the lines.

"Too bad, isn't it?" whispored the grim old
sergeant. And every man felt that he was almost guilty of murder.

They had been using the village hay scales

for seven or eight years when a weigh master from the city came out to test them, and discovered that they were "off" about five pounds on the hundred. Confusion followed. Farmers on the hundred. Confusion followed. Farmers who had sold hogs and cattle and sheep and hay by weight were petrified when they figured up the loss of 100 pounds on every ton. Speculators who had bought where others had sold, and had thus been benefited by the scales, feit no particular gratification, because none of them seemed to have got ahead any faster. It was a stunning blow. What should be done? Call a public meeting, of course. It was called. Everybody was there.

There was an earnest determination to go to the bottom of the affair. They had gone to the bottom of the scales and repaired 'em, but that was not enough. Somebody or other, or something or other, must be condemned or vindicated.

There was a painful pause after a Chairman had been selected. Everybody expected somebody else to offer a resolution or move the appointment of a committee, or do something or other to preserve the rights and liberties of American freemen, but each individual scemed to be tongue-tied. The Chairman finally arose and said:

"Gentiemen, a resolution of sympathy for the family of the deceased would hardly be in order. Again, this is not a case wherein we can appeal to the patriotism of our follow countrymen. Neither can we petition the Legislature to right our wrongs, nor have we just grounds for seceding from the United States. Will some of who had sold hogs and cattle and sheep and

our wrongs, nor have we just grounds for se-ceding from the United States. Will some of you make a suggestion? Some one did. After a long ten seconds an eminent citizen slowly arose and solemnly— very solemnly—said: I suggest that we go out and take a drink! Which was adopted by a large majority.

Bravery.

Let child or woman fall overboard and dozen men are ready to spring after and save them. That is bravery, but it is bravery born in impulse. Let human face appear at the window of a burning building and a dozen men window of a burning building and a dozen men will risk their lives in the effort to extend help. That is bravery, but it is travery born of pity and excitement. Let man but hear the crv of woman in peril, and he will risk to her rescue and deliver her at any cost. That is bravery, but it is the bravery of honor and chivalry. Let man be surrounded by wolves and all escape cut off and he will light until palled down. That is bravery, but it is the bravery of despair.

lest man be surrounded by wolves and all escape cut off and he will fight until pulled down. That is bravery, but it is the bravery of despair.

It is the battlefield which tests a man's courage. A regiment is in line on the edge of a wood. Half a mile away is another wood. Between the two is a meadow bare of the slichtest shelter. The regiment is ordered to advance. As the line moves out into the clear sunlight every man will reason to himself:

"The enemy is posted in the opposite timber. Before we are half way over he will open on us with shell. One battery will cover our regimental front. This is no y last day!"

So each man reasons, but every face is sternly set to a "rout," and not a foot misses atems at the line pushes across the meadow. The shells come, and dozens of men are blown to gory fragments, but the line moves on as before, and the living reason:

"The fire will presently change from shell to grape and canister, and then I shall certain be nit!"

The prediction is verified. Gaps are opened through the double line, but only to be closes, axian. The regiment has lost its marchize step, and its lines are no longer perfect, but the movement is still onward, and men reason?

"The infactry are in support of the battery," have escaped shell and grape, but when we come under the fire of musketry we shall be slaughtered!"

There is no hanging back, no obliquing to right or eff. no other thought than to push along the first of the left wing has lost its "front" by thirry feet, but the way does not stop. As it rolls for ward men grip their muskets tighter, the eyes flash, their teeth shut hard, and they reason:

"In a minute more we shall be near enough!"

son:
In a minute more we shall be near enough!
T on we will charge em with the bayonet!
Then will be a hand-te-band fight, and I surely must be killed or wounded, but let us al
them-hurrah! burrah!"

To know the American you must see all sides of him. On a train between Jersey City and Paterson, a day or two ago, a poorly dressed and Paterson, a day or two ago, a poorly dressed woman, carrying a baby in her arms, waiked through two concless and was unable to find a seat. The railroad Hog was there. In a dozen cases he had a whole seat to himself, and he meant to keep it. The woman linally found refuge in the smoking car, and by and by the Hog went forward to enjoy a liavana and found her crying.

"What's the matter?"

"Baby is very ill, sir."

"And where are you going?"

"To my sister's. My husband is doad, and I have no home now."

"Leave you any money?"

Leave you any money?"

Not a dollar, sir."

"Umph! Sorry for you. Let me hand you "Not a dollar, sir."

"Umph! Sorry for you. Let me hand you this."
The Hog has been robbed of his bristies, woman's tears have melted his selfishness, lie returned to his car, gathered the other liogs about him, and said:
"Come down! Poor widow—sick baby—no home. Come down!"
The Hogs went down for their walters and in ten minutes the sum of \$40 was put into the woman's hand, and the Boss Hog observed:
"There—there—it's all right—not a word!
Now come back here!"
And as she followed him into the coach a dozen Hogs rose up and insisted that she take their seats, and all gathered round her to voice the sentiment:

"Poor woman! Poor baby! Isn't there something we can do for you?"
The railroad Hog can't be crowded, but he can be melted.